

### Three Rules

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# Three Rules

by [stormbornbxtch](#)

## Summary

“What were the three rules I told you when we started *zoloste*. If you can tell me them, I’ll end your punishment and let you cum.”

○●○●○

Alina doubts her husband, he gets angry then BOOM! They're doing some nasty shit basically.

## Notes

lemme know what you think please.

zolotse - my golden

alinochka - sweet form of alina

alin - short for alina

solnishko - my sunshine

moy kotenok - my kitten

sasha - short for aleksander

(according to twitter, lol)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“He’s one of the most valued lords in Ravka, if we lose him. We lose an overwhelming amount of grain and we need his su-”

“He’s an incompetent, arrogant bigoted ass!” Alina seethed as she crossed the threshold of their shared bedroom.

They had spent the morning reviewing trade routes with the lords of Ravka now that the pathway she established in the center of the fold had been stabilized. She had forced herself to listen as these men with egos big enough to rival the palace’s size droned on and on. Much too stubborn and prideful to reach an agreement of their own if not for her husband’s mediation.

The king sat at the head of the war room table, too enthralled with his wine to truly pay attention to the affairs regarding his people. A foolish oaf of a man who dared to question her presence among the other members. As if she wasn’t the key to reuniting a kingdom he was unworthy of ruling.

A truth they doubted.

She hadn’t torn the fold down, not yet even though she was more than capable. Especially with the amplifier embedded in her collar bone. The power of the ancient stag she had slaughtered coursing vividly through her veins. The only person who could best her was the man sharing her bed.

He also happened to be the man who told her to hide her power in the first place. Just until he had everything in place to properly enact his coup.

Aleksander was still learning how to wield the fold, until he conquered it and skillfully learned to use it as a weapon against their enemies it would remain right where it was. The lords and their people were under the impression that she had only grown strong enough to create a small route in the center where the volcra could not descend. A route that lasted only a few hours at a time because she was ‘too weak’ to maintain any longer than that.

She could rip the fold in two if she pleased but concealing the true extent of her power gave her husband more time to secure their future. Their reign.

She was his greatest weapon and the *otkazat'sya* leaders were too blind to see what was right in front of them.

Despite the necessity of maintaining her facade, she hated how weak it made her seem.

“Alina...you know this is necessary.”

The loud click of their bedroom door closing sounded, shutting them off from the rest of the world. Something she usually relished in but at the moment, her annoyance was too prevalent to savor their privacy.

Familiar hands wrapped around her shoulders and Alina could feel his cool breath on her neck. She huffed, numbing the urge to react the way she knew he wanted.

“Cooperating with them-” he said before pressing a gentle kiss to the back of her ear. A light pulse of his power seared through her at the action. Normally, she would have welcomed the feeling, reveled in it. Let the light pulse spiral into something all-consuming, heated, and intense.

But Alina was not in the mood to be calmed, “-is something we must do in order to...” he trailed off, lips ghosting over her neck. Her skin prickled at the light sensation. Yet it wasn’t strong enough to keep her from pulling away, roughly, before his lips could reach their intended destination.

“In order to trap them in a false sense of security. I’m aware, you’ve told me this thousands of times. It doesn’t make sitting through those council meetings any less infuriating!”

Alina was full of irritation, it would’ve amused her husband if it hadn’t been directed at him. If she hadn’t been raising her voice. At him. If she hadn’t been denying him the stress relief

they both craved. If she hadn't made her annoyance his as well.

She turned to face him, brown eyes set ablaze. Anger simmering beneath the surface as she looked to her husband.

Aleksander's hands fell back to his sides, eyes closing as he inhaled deeply. The warning signs were blatant, he was just as on the edge as she was but he was better at concealing it after centuries of practice.

But no one could stir up his emotions like she could. No one could garner a reaction from him so quickly like she did. She was undeniable, not just her light but all she was and it made everything he felt with her potent. She made suppressing his impulses difficult. Especially when she was pushing him. Like now.

"If I would have known gaining you a seat on the king's council would've resorted to this, then I might not have bee-"

"-Might not have been what?!"

His eyes shot open, nose twitching slightly in anger at her disruption.

He hated being interrupted.

Aleksander still himself focused on his breathing before continuing, "-might not have been so quick to gain you one. You may have needed more training to putting up with other powerful people more inept than us"

The words felt like a warning, she could faintly feel his own vexation from the other side of their bond. She was threatening to cross a dangerous line, a line she forgot existed in the present.

“The man looked at us like we weren’t even people Aleks! Like we were nothing but a means to an end, I could feel his disdain and so could everyone else in the room! He-”

“-will be dealt with.” he cut her off, a finality in his tone that dared her to challenge him. To see the consequences if she continued on the path she was going down.

His eyes stared her down but Alina matched his intensity, not in the mood for submission. She never was when she was right.

“They will all be dealt with,” he continued and the roll of her eyes made his hand tremor in restraint. She didn’t miss the way his nose flared slightly at the action.

“You say that now but when? We have been sitting idly by for almost a year, acting as their servants. I’m starting to wonder if we actually are serving the men who still view our people as less than!”

“Do you think I am ignorant to their prejudice?!”

“Of course not but-”

“You have no idea how long I’ve been planning our ascent to the throne Alina and you must be patient-” His voice was louder now, not as loud as hers but loud enough for anyone to hear the warning in his tone. Anyone but his wife apparently.

“Well perhaps if you spent more time acting instead of plotting, we’d be there already!” She interrupted, immediately freezing after when her mistake settled in.

Alina barely had enough time to register the burst of ire on his end of their connection until it was too late. A firm palm and long fingers wrapped around her neck. Her eyes widened under the smooth and slightly calloused skin of his hand. Her anger replaced with shock which morphed into something much darker as her eyes met his. Desire, excitement...a taste of fear.

All the anger he had been struggling to contain unraveled in his eyes, dark, brutal...almost savage like as they bore into her own.

Aleksander pulled her closer to him, a deep shaky breath escaping his nose as he did. He loomed over her, almost an entire foot taller than she was. A size difference she was astutely aware of as her hands moved to grasp his wrist.

He wasn't hurting her, he'd never hurt her without her consent.

Yet his grip was tight enough for her to feel the slight constriction in her airway. To understand the restraint he was showing, the anger she had fueled in him by questioning his efforts.

She looked up at him, breathless. Her mouth fell ajar as they stood there in silence. As she waited for her punishment.

"You know better than to question me." He muttered through gritted teeth, voice low and laced with darkness. The type of tone that made Alina's core clench instinctively, legs shuffling closer together as a familiar warmth bloomed between them. She said nothing, breath slow and slightly unsteady as she looked up at him.

"You know what must happen for us to take power *Alin* ." She nodded, blinking as she drank in his words. He stepped forward, forcing her to accommodate his larger stride as she stepped back. Tongue wetting her lips as he moved them further.

"I've spent years gaining this king's trust, gaining the favor of the lords he would be powerless without." A pulse of heat coursed through her that was utterly stupefying as she listened intently to every low word. Her eyelids fluttered close as heat surged through her, from her desire and the power flowing between their connection.

"Look at me *zoloste* ."

Alina listened despite the trouble she had obeying, “do you need to use your words? Do you need me to stop?”

Her entire body protested the thought, eyes widening despite the dizziness she was feeling. Her vision blurred slightly as she shook her head, eager for what came next.

“Good. I want you to hear this, to hear me clearly.” The restraint blatant in his tone. She had stirred his annoyance into anger with her doubtful words.

When her back hit the wall, the whimper that spilled past her lips was utterly sinful. She faintly registered the hunger on his end, the lust her noise inspired in him.

“You do not inflict your irritation for others onto me.”

His grip on her loosened, allowing her vision to unblur slightly so she could stare into his eyes. So she could apprehend every instruction he gave.

“You do not belittle me or my commitment to our people. Or our rule.”

Alina nodded, licking her lips in anticipation.

“And you never...”

She swallowed the whine in her throat as his free hand moved to trace lightly over the fabric concealing her breasts. The sharp metal of his ring unfairly distracting as she struggled to grasp at whatever focus she could muster.

“..doubt me.” He cautioned.



Alina watched eagerly as he leaned closer until their lips were less than a breath apart. If she could've, she would've closed the gap and kissed him with the fire of all the suns that burned inside her but his grip on her neck kept her still. The need for friction on her core overwhelmed, out of the corner of her eye she could see the room darken as she throbbed with warmth. Alina could hear her breathing grow ragged as she waited for him to do something. Anything.

Finally, after a beat of agonizing silence, he murmured words she drank in like the gods did nectar.

“On your knees.”

He released her from his grip and like an obedient queen, she abided by her king's wishes.

The space between him and the wall was tight but Alina managed to slide her way down between the two. Not once did she break eye contact, having learned better from previous offenses. Once in place, she didn't move, she waited.

The only right thing to do was to do what he instructed.

Alina watched as he lifted his hand and brought the ring, the ring that had unlocked her power. The ring that had brought her to him, up to his chest. He didn't look at her as he loosened it from one hand and positioned it on the pointer finger of his dominant one. When he looked back down at her, there was no warmth in his gaze. No fondness, his eyes were dark and cold, she couldn't help the shudder that ran through her under them.

His hand moved to cup her cheek and Alina melted into the caress. Aleksander's thumb wavered from her cheek to the side of her mouth, trailing along the curve underneath before brushing over her bottom lip. She resisted the urge to move her tongue and wet the top as the pad his thumb ran over the skin. Circling to do the same to the top. Gently, he lifted the flesh and stroked underneath. Coating his thumb in her saliva before stroking her top lip once again.

He pulled back almost completely so that only his pointer finger remained on her skin. Cool metal trailing lightly along the edge of her jaw.

Alina could feel her wetness dampening her underclothes. Lightly she squirmed, brushing thigh against thigh for friction. The ring dug a little into her skin at the action and she winced.

“Don’t.” He whispered.

He was aware of her every move, he could feel her need growing through their connection. Register every attempt she made for relief no matter how small. She would do nothing, feel nothing, without his permission first.

Alina inhaled shakily as the sharp metal traveled beneath her chin. Pulling her head back even further, straining her neck so he could get an even better view of her pretty face.

“Open.”

She obliged, mouth falling agape at his command. His ring stroked beneath her chin, almost in encouragement.

“Wider *Alinochka*.”

She nodded slightly, doing her best to obey his order. Alina could feel the strain on the sides of her mouth but it was forgotten when Aleksander’s mouth quirked upward slightly. Her chest warmed at the slight approval.

“Good girl.” He muttered, hand moving from her chin only to entangle in her hair. It was almost comforting.

Then his grip tightened as she fidgeted below him, hands in her lap with his fingers keeping her steady for what was to come. Alina focused on her breathing, on staying focused, on accepting what he would gift her.

When his lips parted, her heartbeat quickened. The pulse of heat reignited tenfold as his warm spit slipped from his mouth, falling through the air into her own. Warm and wet.

“Swallow for me *kotenok*, be a good girl and swallow.”

She closed her mouth and listened, letting his saliva slide down her throat. Alina could feel his want grow on the other end of their connection as he watched. Completely absorbed in the degradation, the reminder that she should never question him, that she welcomed so completely. Almost in awe.

A breath of satisfaction left her mouth as the familiar pride that came with satisfying him settled in her gut.

“Undo my buckle *Alinochka*, set *Sasha* free.” He mumbled a moment later, voice raspy and wracked with lust. His gaze shifted, the warmth of desire blatant. Replacing the cold that filled him when he just wanted to punish her. Remind her of her place.

It was entrancing, watching his body react to her own.

She nodded absentmindedly, hands moving past the fabric of his open *kefta* and to the cool metal that aided in his concealment from the world. It was like second nature, an old habit one couldn't forget as she pulled the restrictive black cloth down just enough to leave him exposed. Her eyes traveled down to his cock, she couldn't help the slight admiration at the appendage. Long, thick, and beautiful, standing to attention inches away from her and aching for relief.

All hers.

Hers and no one else's.

The thought made her mouth water.

*“ Zoloste.”*

The sound of his voice pulled her from her daze and Alina moved to look up at him. From this angle, he was so much bigger than her. More powerful. The Black Heretic turned Darkling, a leader of dozens of armies. The most powerful Grisha to walk this earth stood before her.

And he was completely at her mercy.

“Go on, just like I taught you.” He breathed out, thumb tracing her scalp lazily.

Alina smiled, a dangerous glint in her eye that was lost on him. Aleksander was too far gone in his own lust to register the mischief. All restraint was discarded as she grasped him firmly. He grimaced at the sudden stimulation, the sudden change in his expression was so, so beautiful.

Before he could tell her what to do next, her tongue found its way to the head. Licking along the sensitive skin, savoring the familiar bitter taste of his leakage.

The sharp intake of breath he released was loud and she fought back her smile before taking the head whole. He groaned at the warmth of her mouth, reaching a hand out on the wall above her to steady himself as she swirled her tongue around him. She let one of her hands slip from his cock to trail along his balls lightly. Teasing him in the way that made his whole body shudder, just the way he liked.

She didn't move to take him deeper, just repeated the same light strokes and flicks to keep him sated. Alina watched as his breathing grew uneven, as his facade of control cracked with every movement.

“Alina...” he breathed, voice shaky and eyes closed. He was completely vulnerable, he never called her by her name when his domination was secure. She had weakened him with her mouth, it made her feel powerful. Knowing she was the only one to ever see him so undone. She hummed in gratification, at the sound of his erratic breathing above her as she pulled him apart.

Too bad she was feeling cruel, arrogant even.

He was close, she could feel it building on his side and in the way, he lightly thrust into her mouth. Just before he could satisfy his hedonistic pursuits, Alina took a lesson from his teachings and pulled away completely. Effectively stopping him before he could reach his peak.

The guttural sound he unleashed at the loss of warmth was inhuman. The kind of power emitted from the frustration was severe and it left her cunt pulsing with want. Needier and more heated than before. Alina's underclothes were damp as she rubbed against herself for friction to the sudden increase in need.

When Aleksander's eyes opened again, they were dark. Unholy.

She could feel the rage of her denial vibrating from him and swallowed the nerves that arose at the feeling. His grip on her hair tightened as the other moved to grasp the vacant side of her face.

“Spread your legs.”

A harsh demand she couldn't refuse despite the want that craved relief pulsing loudly and light stimulation her thighs provided that kept it at bay.

Alina repositioned herself so that she sat on the ground, hands out in front of her, cunt above floor as she sat on her knees with her thighs spread apart. She could feel a slight discomfort forming in the muscles of her thighs but Aleksander didn't care for her comfort at the

moment. He moved between them, forcing her hands off the ground and onto his knees for support. His boots came in contact with her inner knees. Keeping her open, keeping her indecent, keeping her aching with no relief.

“Open your mouth.”

She listened, heart pounding against her chest. As soon as access was granted, he pulled her in. Pushing his cock in her throat with little mercy or care for her ability to adjust. She took all of him and if she hadn't been used to the size or the feel, it might've hurt her. Instead, she moaned at the sudden shift in his approach. His control had crumbled, he was giving into instinct. To pure want and need for self-satisfaction. He was wild, restraint gone as he stilled in the back of her throat.

He groaned as she gagged. Alina could feel the tears brimming in her eyes as he held her still. Relishing in her mouth.

He swore, low and vulgar as her throat vibrated around him.

The image of them right now must've been utterly crude. The Great Sankta Alina, the saint the people of Ravka had been waiting centuries for to save them and rid their world of the fold, on her knees. Choking on The Black Heretic's cock.

“Flatten your tongue *Alinochka*, remember to breathe.” He told her. She nodded slightly through her tears, adjusting herself and focusing on breathing through her nose. Once she had settled, he began to pull himself out. Instinctively, Alina hollowed her cheeks and Aleksander sighed. He stopped at the tip, leaving him only slightly in her mouth. She couldn't fit all of him but she could please all of him. Alina could feel the ring scratching slightly at her scalp, coaxing her on.

“Go on, use your hand *Zoloste*, I'll keep you steady.” He promised.

Tears slipped past her eyes as she listened. Putting her complete faith in him as she wrapped her right hand around the small part of him she couldn't fit. Aleksander groaned as she used stray saliva to lubricate her palm and grip him where her mouth couldn't reach.

The muscles in her cunt clenched involuntarily at the sound. The need was growing, almost too warm for comfort. She squirmed as he pushed back in. Slower this time, he pushed forward as her free hand wandered to the skirt of her dress. Pulling it up as Aleksander fucked her throat leisurely.

Just as her hand moved to her center, a sharp tug on her hair stopped her.

“Don’t touch yourself, you haven’t earned relief.”

His words were final but Alina couldn’t stop the whimper that left her as the demand. Wet hot tears slid from Alina’s eyes, partly because of the face fucking but mostly because of the denial.

The look he gave her at the sound kept her from disobeying him, she had been defiant enough for one day. He would never let her find release if she did so again.

Shakily, she pulled away and put her hand back on his knee as he pushed into her mouth. The burn between her thighs was growing more intense than the one in her throat. She hollowed her cheeks, kept her breathing steady, and watched him use her mouth like a toy. Alina could already feel the soreness her jaw would have in the morning. The muscles in her mouth were already aching with discomfort as Aleks pushed into her over and over again. It was easy for her hand to keep up with his emotions, encircling around whatever part of him wasn’t in her mouth.

Slow and torturous, he stretched her lips for his own pleasure. She whined as the intensity of her need grew, slightly humping the air for friction that wouldn’t come.

When Aleksander pulled back this time, he didn’t stop himself at the tip. He slipped from her mouth, a wet pop sounding in the air at the action. Alina gasped for air as thin tendrils of her saliva followed his cock away. Aleksander pulled back completely and she fell forward slightly. Using the hand that wasn’t coated in her own spit to steady herself.

She wiped her hand on the fabric of her dress, it was disgusting. She knew that but there were very few options.

Aleksander watched as Alina desperately tried to regain what little composure she had left. Her face was a mess, tears staining the makeup Genya had tailored on earlier. Lips wet, face red, and hair askew. She looked like a wreck.

And to Aleksander, she was more beautiful than any sunrise or sunset he'd ever seen.

He wouldn't tell her that.

Instead, he would say, "Get the fuck up."

Alina scrambled to listen, slightly light-headed. Aleksander offered her no help as he tucked his cock back into their confines and watched as she stood on shaky legs.

He took the time to admire the woman he loved as he moved back to lean on their bedpost. The dress she wore was black with gold accents, a sharp contrast to the silver of her hair. It was embroidered intricately with her sun symbol spread evenly across it, hugging her frame well. She was a vision in the gown. She'd be a vision out of it as well.

"Come forward *zoloste* ."

Alina obeyed, despite the ache in her shins and thighs. She stopped almost a foot away, let his eyes rake over as new anticipation began to build. Absentmindedly, she rubbed the fabric of her dress between her thumb and pointer finger, a nervous tactic for when she was struggling to remain still and patient. She managed however even when Aleksander moved from his place in front of her, to stand behind. So incredibly close. Breathe on her neck just as it was when they entered their bedroom. This time, there was no comfort in his actions.

When his fingers moved to her back, it was to unbutton the fabric of her dress. He had done it many times before yet the swiftness of his ability to do so still shocked her. When his hands



slid into the fabric, along her shoulders to expose them and slide them down the skin, she shivered under the cool touch.

“Step out of the dress *Alinochka*. ” He whispered sweetly.

Alina did as told. Slipping out of her outer layer quickly, letting it fall around her feet. Leaving her in the corset that maintained the shape of her dress and the thin cotton of her underdress. Aleksander pulled at the strings of the confining garment, undoing them with ease. Ridding her of one more article of clothing and allowing it to pool around her feet. She sighed at the lack of restriction, feeling more vulnerable than before as she carefully stepped out of the corset.

She still wanted to, she still needed him to do something. To touch her. The ache in her cunt hadn't eased, she tried to conceal the effects of it from him by biting the inside of her cheek hard. Despite her efforts, Aleksander felt how intensely she craved relief through their connections. He felt the thinning self-control she exerted as she attempted patience.

It made him proud as he kicked her corset to the side.

“Turn around.”

She obeyed, facing him fully.

The thin fabric left little to the imagination. Alina shifted slightly as her desire surpassed want and became need.

“Let down your hair.”

The style Genya had meticulously put together this morning was destroyed. There was nothing to salvage, just a mess of loosely placed pins. Alina reached for them, pulling them free quickly. When the final slipped from her hair, allowing the rest to fall, he sighed. Taking

in the body he'd seen countless times as if it were the most delectable feast he had ever laid eyes on.

“Strip.”

It was almost embarrassing how easily Alina gave in to his demands. If he had attempted to do this with her, any of this, months ago she would've malfunctioned. Pulled away and locked herself in her rooms out of fear for what he stirred in her. But since their first time in the war room, he had made a home of her body. Worshipped it so thoroughly that it was hard not to feel beautiful with his eyes on her. To not feel wanted. He had made a mission of memorizing every inch of it, every reaction he could coax out of her and relishing in the ways he could give her pleasure. Even if the pleasure involved a little pain.

She slipped the soft fabric down her body and watched as his mouth slightly parted.

“Rid yourself of your wet clothes *Alinochka* .”

Her cheeks flushed at his words, he was more than aware of the effect he had on her. Still, she listened. Slipping the soaked fabric of her underclothes off and kicked it to the side. The darkness in the room grew with his unsated lust despite the windows present and the sun shining outside. He hadn't finished in her mouth, that's not where his seed belonged.

She knew he still wanted her, that he still craved her. Badly. His ability to conceal it, to control it, to function with it, was just much better than her own.

Aleksander stepped closer and just like before she could feel his power, his lust, reverberate through their connection into her. A hot pulse ran straight to her cunt as he moved. Stopping just in front of her. She watched his hand rise, ring gleaming in the little light in the room as it drew closer to her exposed skin. He watched Alina's reactions to the cool metal trailing up her torso intently. To the way, her body lightly shivered under its touch. To the way, she held her breath as he circled it around her already hardened nipples.

When he moved down her side with it, her eyes threatened to close. She was shaking slightly now, moving past shivers. The heat in her cunt was almost unbearable now, he could feel the burn in the back of his mind. He almost felt bad as he traced lazily over her pelvis towards her center.

Almost.

Anxiety crept inside Alina when he stopped inches above her clit. The idea of it being pressed into her most sensitive area, edging her despite the inevitable discomfort it may have had was...unprecedented. He could make her cum from that, even if the way it dug into her sensitive flushed hurt. He could do it. Would he do it?

“Don’t worry *zoloste* , I’m not that cruel.” He answered, a question she hadn’t even posed aloud. He knew her too well.

A small bit of relief filled her as she sighed when he pulled away. Her whole body relaxing slightly.

Only for his other hand to move and cup her pussy whole. Alina gasped at the sudden contact as Aleksander’s middle finger moved along her slit slowly. Trailing along the folds, spreading her wetness, winding her tight. Reigniting an all-consuming tension that needed to be released. It was so little and he had deprived her of so much. She shook under the touch, hands moving to his forearms in an attempt to keep herself steady through his teasing.

She could feel the pressure come, building from such little stimulation. Small pleads slipped past her lips as his movement remained unchanged. Her clit throbbed angrily, begging for him to touch her where she needed him most. To end her suffering.

“Please *Sasha* , please can I cum?”

She was so close, the dam threatening to burst. All he had to do was move his fingers a little higher or stroke her a few times more. All resolve Alina maintained was crumbling as she whined. Pleasure building, threatening to relieve the heat in her core that had grown to new

heights. She cursed, leaning against his arm completely for support as she neared her peak. Her hips jerked on the lazy movement of his middle finger.

Her eyes screwed shut as her breathing grew uneven.

It was so little. He was giving her so little but she was so close. So close and so wet, dripping on his palm like a bitch in heat. Alina's thigh twitched, soft whimpers leaving her lips as she prepared herself for what would come when the dam burst. Her whole body tensed as neared the cliff to fall in the waves of pleasure below. She could taste it, taste it on her tongue.

Then it was gone.

The cry Alina let out in the absence of the minimal stimulation he provided was painful. She fell forward as his arms moved from its place of support at her cunt. She was so close, she was so so close. Close to something powerful and all-consuming.

He had snatched it away so easily, so cruelly, it was excruciating. Alina couldn't help the tears that fell when Aleksander caught her against his chest. The ache in her center was almost violent, it was the only thing she could focus on. It demanded to be felt, to be soothed.

"Please, please, please Aleksander. Please, I'll be a good girl, I'll be a good girl for *moi soverenyi*. Please just, let me cum. Please." She was sobbing, begging like a prisoner in his torture chamber. Her body was overwhelmingly tense and burning for a release that he wouldn't give her. It was intense and uncomfortable, it burned. She needed him. She needed him so bad.

Aleksander held her up, arms wrapping around her waist to hold her against him. He kissed her forehead as she cried, body shaking with tears and need.

"It's alright, *Alinochka*, it's alright."

"Please, please-"

“Shhhh, shhh” He calmed her. Easing her tears until she could find the strength to calm herself. It took a few moments. The frustration Alina felt flooded her system. She was so needy. She’d do anything. Anything for relief.

He had made her a weak little girl begging for relief.

The knowledge made him smile.

Alina struggled to still herself, only able to reduce her crying to sniffles and hiccups as she shook lightly against him. Unable to stop it.

If Aleksander was the monster so many claimed him to be, he’d tell her to get dressed. Leave her burning for him, not let her cum for a week. Maybe two for what’d she said to him. He’d tease her and stop her whenever she sought any semblance of relief. He’d deny her of what she needed.

But he wasn’t. Never had been.

Depriving her would be depriving himself, as much as he had put it off the strain in his cock had grown uncomfortable. Undeniable.

There was no fun in mutual suffering.

Slowly, he lowered them both to the floor. Positive that if he let her go, her legs would give out and she would crumble painfully to the ground. Alina’s breathing was broken against his ear, when he pulled away he watched as she bit her lip to keep the tears at bay. To keep the begging silent.

“Spread your legs for me, spread them as wide as you can.” He crooned, voice gentle and full of warmth. Another tear slipped past Alina’s cheeks as she nodded quickly, staring up at him through tears. He pulled his *kefta* off completely as he watched her struggle to spread her thighs without immediately pressing them back together.

The ache was so intense, her restraint was admirable.

At one point, he saw how her hand moved to her cunt. She stopped herself mere centimeters away before pulling it back completely, choking back a sob before placing the same hand under her thigh. The opposite followed suit and despite the shake in her arms, she kept herself open for him. Waiting patiently for his orders.

She was such a good girl, able to be so obedient even when it hurt. She deserved to be rewarded.

Aleksander pulled his cock free, still hard and ready for her. Alina stared at it through the body-shaking hiccups that resulted from her sobs. Her lip fell free from her teeth as she sniffled, trying her hardest to keep her legs still where they were, grip on her thighs tightening as they tremored.

“You’ve been so good *Alinochka* , so patient.” He told her as he moved between her legs. She breathed in heavily, swallowing her tears as she nodded.

“Now, if you can just tell me this, I’ll let you cum. Okay, *kotenok* .” He hummed, positioning himself where she needed him.

“O-okay.” She stuttered out, voice strained and small.

“What were the three rules I told you when we started *zoloste* . If you can tell me them, I’ll end your punishment and let you cum.”

Alina looked at him, bottom lip getting caught between her teeth as she struggled to think. He waited, watching as her shakes worsened by the second.

“I-I will not...I will not ta-ake my irritation-on for o-others out on y-y-you.” She struggled out, earning a smile from her husband. She tried to return the gestures, a sharp whimper destroying her attempt as he rubbed himself against her folds lightly. She whimpered, a stronger convulsion wracking her body at the small action. Her teeth bit hard enough into her lip to draw blood.

“That’s right pretty girl. And the next?”

Alina’s throat burned, she resisted the urge to whine and instead tried to think. She could feel him, pulsing against her flesh. Right where she needed him, so close...she’s so close.

“ *Alinochka* , what’s the next?”

She blinked, re-focusing herself on his eyes. “I’m sorry.” She murmured, releasing her now red bottom lip.

“It's okay *solnishko* , just tell me the next.”

She nodded as she sniffled. She could do this, he believed she could do this. Her eyes shut as she struggled to recall what he had told her in this room just minutes before. Was it minutes? Was it hours? Wha-focus. She told herself, a sharp pulse in her cunt bringing her back to reality, forcing her eyes back open.

“Umm...ummm...I will not be-belittle you o-or your commi-commit-commit-fuck.” She knows this, she does. She listened, she can listen to him.

“It's okay, it's okay. Take your time.” He rubbed against her once more as encouragement and Alina cried out. Hyper-aware of everything, of every sensation, of how easily he could fuck into her and relieve her of this burning. Cool the suns that overwhelmed her insides.

“Come on Alinochka.’

“I will not-I will not belittle you or y-your commitment to o-our people.”

“And...?”

“And our ru-rule.”

His smile widened and an endearing warmth bloomed in Alina’s chest knowing he was proud of her. The small feeling was fleeting because then his hands were on her thighs, replacing her own. Spreading her wider, to a better angle. The tip of his dick slipped into her folds with an embarrassing amount of ease. Her entire body jolted at the sensation. He was so cool, so soothing in her core.

“Fuck, please *Sasha* , please Aleks, please.” She begged, stray tears slipping from her eyes.

“One more Alina. You only have one more.” He purred.

She nodded, he was right. He was always right, One more, she could do one more.

Alina swallowed, desperately trying to ignore the burning throbbing that consumed being and find coherent thought. He didn’t move, he just-she just needed him to move. Just a little bit, that’s all she needed. Alina breathed, struggling as she willed herself to be calm.

One more. Just one more.

“Come on *kotenok* , come on.” He coaxed and Alina nodded again, small whimpers leaving her as she did.



When it struck her, after an eternity of mere seconds, she cried in elation.

“Never doubt you! I’ll never doubt you, *Sasha* , I promise, I promise *moy so* -”

The scream that ripped through her mouth was loud and piercing. All her words lost as Aleksander sunk deep into her all at once. The air left her lungs and all coherent thought with it. She cried in relief when he moved. There was no slow lovemaking, no sensual caresses, Aleksander held her thighs apart as he drilled into her with no restraint.

Over and over again. The words that slipped from her lips were indecipherable, the sudden stimulation sent her eyes rolling to the back of her skull at the action. He bottomed out in her cunt, repeatedly filling her whole.

“Such a good girl, so pretty when you beg.” He praised and Alina moaned gratefully as her gaze fell back to normal.

Her cunt clenched around him, gripping for dear life as he fucked her into the floor. The pressure built so quickly she had barely registered it until it was moments away. She was on the edge by his eighth thrust. She tried to plead, begging him not to stop this time but the words made no sense, it was all incoherent gibberish.

He fucked her with vigor, with purpose. When he positioned her so she lay on her side, one leg on the floor, the other on his shoulder with his arms wrapped around her thighs, she could do nothing but groan. Body boneless, simply a vessel for the inescapable pleasure building in her cunt. For him to fill up and use for whatever he saw fit. His now free hand moved to circle her clit and her mind vanished. Consumed by the pleasure and relief.

She hadn’t had time to warn him when she reached her high. She hadn’t had much warning herself. It blinded her, overpowered her entire being. When the waves hit, Alina couldn’t fully comprehend the strength of it. She didn’t register the way her body convulsed or the rays of light spilling from her cunt as she reached a peak others could only dream of. Even then, the mind was incapable of replicating the pure euphoria that consumed her whole.

“That’s it *kotenok*, cum on my cock.” He muttered, she wanted to agree. To say yes but all that followed were obscene noises of pleasure.

Her voice died in her throat as he continued to fuck her into another orgasm. Alina could only lie there, consuming the pulses of ecstasy he sent through her. He was still chasing his own release, his hedonistic thrusts elongating her own elation. Her vision blurred as he moved, a rhythm only gods could amount to laced in each jerk of his hips.

She could feel the power of their bond as he thrust in her. She faintly registered the overwhelming light that had come spilling through the windows, the way her skin glow but it was all a blur. One intense orgasm led to another, her body lost the ability to react. It could only accept.

Saliva dripped from the side of Alina’s mouth as she laid there, taking all he could give her and more. It was too much, so much, and yet she wanted all of it. All of him.

Black dots filled her vision as she floated beyond existence itself. Into another realm, leaving her consciousness completely as her world went black.

When she came too, Aleksander’s thrust had grown erratic. Alina whined, cunt now highly sensitive. He came moments later, filling her completely. She groaned at the warmth coating her insides. Welcomed each spurt with a weak smile, the only reaction she could muster.

When he pulled out, she winced. Feeling empty without him.

Warm liquid followed his cock, dripping down her slit and she hummed in content.

She faintly registered Aleksander’s gentle fingers moving to place what had leaked out back in but Alina managed to reach out. Arm loosely gripping his wrist.

“I-I can’t.”

She murmured, voice hoarse.

She heard his slight chuckle as she closed her eyes. He lowered her leg back to the ground and she sighed. A light thud sounded next to her heavy breathing following. For a moment, they lied there. Out of breath and completely worn out. She’s not sure how long they were on the floor of their bedroom, a complete mess of themselves. She didn’t care, too warm, too full to care about anything going on around her.

Aleks had been the one to recover first. He was always the one to recover first.

“Let’s get you cleaned up *zoloste*.” He muttered and she hummed, eyes still closed as he began the work of aftercare.

Aleksander took a moment once he sat up, breathing deeply before standing to his full height. He looked down at Alina and the sight sent a warm pulse to his tender member. He winced slightly at the feeling but didn’t look away.

His little sun queen lied sprawled on the hardwood floor, completely naked, legs slightly apart, cum dripping from her center looking more at peace than anyone he’s ever seen. Her hair was a mess, skin flushed, entire face wrecked, but the lazy smile on her face revealed her contentment.

If he had an easel, paints, and a canvas he would’ve been tempted to capture her at this moment. With sun rays from the window shining across her body.

Her reaction has been overwhelming. Enough to blind anyone else. The knowledge that only he could experience her at her heights and withstand the sight without ever looking away brought a smile to his face.

Aleksander moved past her and to the dresser, reaching for the glass of water he kept there. He gulped it down, relishing the cool liquid that contrasted the heat of Alina's body. They had only been married for six months and he had completely ruined her for anyone else. There wasn't anyone, alive or dead, who could give her what he could. There wasn't a person alive or dead who could give him what she did.

They would never be satisfied with anyone else.

They belonged to each other.

The thought made his heart warm with its blatant sincerity. He shook his head, still not used to the emotions she stirred in him.

Moments passed as he gathered his strength. Sighing, he moved to pick her up off the floor and place her in bed. Alina hummed slightly, sinking into his skin as he carried her to her side of the bed. Once she was settled, he reached for a discarded towel on the nightstand to wipe the drool from her cheek and the cum from her cunt. She twitched at his gentle movements between her legs, oversensitive from the overstimulation. He was careful not to hurt her.

Once he did the best he could, he left the room to get a damp cloth from their washroom and came back to clean the makeup from her face. Alina's eyes opened gingerly as he finished wiping her lips.

"I love you." She rasped out. A warm feeling bloomed in his chest at her words. His smile couldn't be helped. He leaned down, kissing her lips softly. When he pulled away, she grinned. Clearly fighting sleep to savor this sentimental moment.

"I love you, get your rest *Alinochka*."

She hummed in agreement before turning slightly and adjusting herself. For a moment, he just watched. Reveling in the peace on her features. Just for a moment,

Afterward, he moved to the floor, wiping the mess they made with the towel he used to clean Alina before tossing it in with the other stained fabrics. Alina's clothes following suit.

He was still clothed, sighing as he pulled his shirt from his body. Switching his pants for the silk ones he preferred to sleep in. He was exhausted and it wasn't even evening yet. He had other things to attend to. Check-in with Ivan and his spies about the lords he didn't trust.

Yet, he found himself crawling into bed beside his wife. Exhaustion flooding through him, completely aware that everything could wait until they awoke for dinner with the king.

Like a moth to a flame, Alina sensed him and moved closer until she was buried in his chest. He kissed the top of her head and she sighed against him. Alina soon fell into a deep sleep, Aleksander not far behind.

Later when Ivan knocked to wake them for dinner, Aleksander would rise and thank him. He would get dressed for the night and entertain the various dignitaries of Ravka the king hosted. Using his charm to gain their trust, laughing with them. Pretending to drink alongside them, waiting until they were intoxicated enough to spill valuable secrets he could use to his advantage.

Alina however, would not leave their bed until midday tomorrow.

## End Notes

i have this idea that when alina squirts, its just rays of sunlight. am I valid?

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